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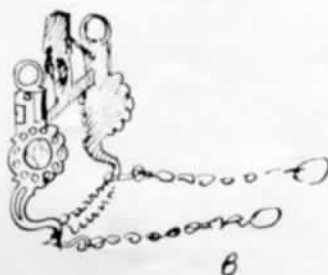
SAGEBRUSH *and* SPRAY



ROY LAWRENCE



Rancheros Visitadores [See page ten]



A Wild Boar Hunt with the Long Bow



Sketched from
a photograph

By Dr. E. K. (Dusty) Roberts



THROUGH the misty dawn we saw the dark bulk of Santa Rosa island slowly take shape ahead of the plunging bow of our fishing boat. We were cold and wet with spray and the idea of breakfast gained no applause whatever. Not until we had been landed on the wharf, with our two terriers, bows and arrows and the precious letter of permission did we begin to realize that here we were at long last, about to fulfill a cherished hope.

▲ Red and I had hunted wild hog on Santa Cruz for several years, always hearing tall tales of the superior size, number and general cussedness of the Santa Rosa wild tribe. But we knew that the island being a heavily stocked cattle range, hunters were by no means welcomed there. And rightly so.

A bow and arrow hunter however is a different proposition from the gun man. In the first place his arm is not dangerous to a peaceful cow critter trying to put on beef for its owner. He does not disturb the entire country side with loud noises, and in fact is a nuisance to nobody but himself. Again he is apt to be regarded as mildly goofy and his pastime only a little less simple than himself, and people are always kind to that sort of coot.

▲ We approached the ranch house wondering if anyone would be up so early and found Mr. Smith, the superintendent, not only up but breakfasted, and just about to leave for the days work on the range. We presented our letter very diffidently and were relieved to be welcomed and made very much at home.

We spent the day getting our tackle tuned up and some of the office stiffness out of our muscles. We had no doubt of the efficiency of our primitive weapons ourselves, having learned on many a previous hunt just how deadly a broadhead arrow can be when driven by the power of a heavy hunting bow. But the

"super" and his three Spanish speaking vacqueros seemed to entertain grave doubts.

▲ They discussed the pros and cons among themselves in Spanish and finally decided that one of them had better go with us next day, just in case it be necessary to drop a rope on a boar and snake him off of us. Red got quite a kick out of that, Spanish being almost his mother tongue.

Accordingly, mounted on cow ponies, quivers full of arrows, and led by Joe, a keen looking, quiet rider, we set out next morning.

With the three ranch dogs and our own two pups following, we swung up a trail onto a wide mesa. Within half an hour after leaving the ranch house we spotted a hog just as it disappeared over the edge of a canyon.

▲ Joe dug in his spurs as he stabbed with his arm in the direction the pig had taken. Right there I darned near finished the hunt on foot. Those cow ponies seem to have a fixed idea that anyone who crawls their hump must naturally be able to ride. Red and Joe could ride, but I . . . well after boots, quiver, bow and myself had banged that hoss from his ears to his tail for half a mile he slowed to a walk, looked around at me sadly, and thereafter never seemed to have much hope that I would be with him if he hurried. We dropped over the rim of the canyon below where the hog had disappeared, splashed through the creek and up the opposite side in a wide circle. Approaching the rim we looked into the canyon again.

Yep! One big black and white hog rooting along the creek under cover of the cut bank. Red and I were off the horses, had strung our bows and were half way down the steep side by the time Joe had gathered up the dropped reins.

▲ I don't know of any form of hunting that gives one the feel of tense, fierce excitement that comes when you stalk your game with a bow and arrow for a weapon. You must get close to your game. And when, by taking advantage of every bit of cover and wind, you are in good range, the kill is made, if at all, by

your own strength and sureness of hand and eye.

We were perhaps sixty yards from the pig now. Could just see his back over a fallen oak trunk. "Boy! he's big," hissed Red, and doubled up in a crouching run, we cut the distance in half. Thirty yards, good. I glanced at Red. All set, arrow on string.

We are perhaps ten feet apart, I step over a few feet to clear a boulder, and then I saw "it." A coal black boar, twenty yards or so up stream from the one we were stalking, and "Holy Cats" twice as big. I swung on him and loosed just as I heard the whistle and thud of Red's arrow.

▲ The black boar was standing quartering away from me and I saw my slender knife-bladed shaft strike just back of his ribs and sink out of sight.

Joe had kept the dogs with him but our two terriers had pulled away and now went by us like blown leaves as we ran up stream after the hogs.

Red's boar had stopped his arrow in the thick shoulder pad and after running a few yards had swung to a stand. As I tore past and above him I saw Red drive a second arrow and

[Continued on page fifteen]



THE BLACK BOAR'S TUSKS WERE
POWERFUL WEAPONS

ARCHERY OF TODAY

[Continued from page six]



from the same point of aim I was going to shoot the hunting shafts. In this way it would be possible to get a very good idea of difference in their flight and trajectory. I had shot the target arrows and was ready to discharge the heavier shafts when I chanced to remark to the late Fernand Lungren, who was with me, that I was going to kill a gopher. The heavier arrows naturally dropped to a point on the ground in front of the target. After all had been shot we walked to the target to recover them and found that the first hunting arrow I had sent over the plate had pierced a gopher emerging from his burrow. That shot was never perfectly clear to Mr. Lungren and I am afraid my story from that point on was not too accurate.

▲ The second shot that lingers so clearly in my memory was made within the city limits of Los Angeles. We had finished shooting a tournament at Santa Monica and I was returning with Clinton Douglas, with whom I had stayed the previous night. It chanced that on that same morning I had killed a digger squirrel within a block of Mr. Douglas' house. This had been done on account of a conversation that we had the night before where he had insisted that persons, living in a city like Los Angeles had no chance to get hunting experience. The memory of this early morning kill had been on Doug's mind all day, and when he stopped the car suddenly and told me that he saw a digger squirrel and for me to do my stuff, I was in a spot from which there was no escape, without taking his dare. My bow was ranged for sixty yards, and a quick estimate by both of us was that the quarry was sixty-eight yards away. I knew that if I missed that shot I would lose a first class target arrow in a large hay stack that was immediately behind Mr. Digger, and at the same time hear comments that I might not appreciate. Not to drag the episode out too much I can say that the first shot made a center hit and I'll brag about it for the rest of my life.

I have seen Dr. E. K. (Dusty) Roberts bring down a cotton tail at eighty yards as well as make hits on them while they were at full speed ahead. I have also had the pleasure of watching Erle Stanley Gardner make perfect snap shots from a half drawn bow. I believe I am right when I assert that this latter trick cannot be learned by any cut and dried method but must be instinctively acquired from long experience and a love for the sport.

▲ Beyond question the most versatile hunter with the long bow is "Art" Young who has by his clean cut sportmanlike example done more for the sport than any one man. To recount even a fraction of his activity in this field would require several volumes. To get an approximate idea of his attitude I would refer the reader to "Hunting With the Bow and Arrow" by the late Saxon Pope who with Mr. Young spent

many days in the wild places, sharing with him the famous hunts for the grizzly bear, and was one of three to kill the African lion. This latter adventure can be gotten in detail from another of Mr. Pope's books of adventure "The Adventurous Bowmen." Either of these books, but especially the former will give a splendid idea of the routine of bow and arrow hunting.

▲ Cassius H. Stiles, of Berkeley, California, is another advocate of the long bow who has been successful in getting the big ones. The mountain lion is his favorite dish and he will take a shot at buck or coyote when he gets a chance.

The question of the accuracy of the bow is something that will need answering. Also many wish to know the effective range of a hunting bow. To answer the latter it can be truthfully said that the arrow, if properly made, is effective at the longest range that one can make a hit. But to put a rough limit one hundred yards is about as far as one is apt to find any great success. As to accuracy it can be said that for very short ranges the bow will compete in deadliness with the small caliber rifle. To illustrate this point I know of twelve consecutive shots with the same arrow that killed a like number of pocket gophers. This, of course, was at very close range, an average of about twelve feet. At thirty yards a good shot can depend on a cotton tail. When the game is bigger the range is usually greater but the hunter has a good chance for success.

▲ We must always keep in mind that one half of the game is in the hunting, and in this we must take off our hats to the Indians who developed it to such a high degree that twenty yards was a long shot. Obsidian or flint was the material most used by them for arrow heads. This material being hard and brittle and sensitive to fracture was used mostly when he was sure he could make a hit. A miss usually meant the application of a new head to the shaft. The broken head was generally lost or discarded and this may account for the many broken heads that are found in unexpected places by us today.

Hunting with the bow adds a dozen problems that the rifle has solved; you are not so sure of getting meat but you can rest assured that you will get all the sport that there is.

To the amateur I would say that the pleasure of learning the technique lies before him and that is half of the fun. Many good and bad shots lie before him, he will develop new methods that no one else can possess and will find that hunting archery is the most individual sport that he will ever know.



A WILD BOAR HUNT

[Continued from page five]



heard it hit. But I didn't stop. I could hear Patsy, my terrier, raising plenty of war talk up the canyon a ways. I yelled to Red that I had another pig and to come on.

Puffing like a bellows and nearly winded I finally rounded a corner of the canyon wall and there in a little flat was my big boar and the pup going round and round. As soon as I could muster up enough strength to pull the bow I loosed a shaft that sank to the feathers in the pig's neck. He promptly charged with Patsy hanging onto his bloody flank. But the second arrow was too much for even his stout heart and he died while still coming on.

Red arrived on the scene with Joe and we bragged about our prowess while Joe performed a post mortem on my hog.

This should have been the end of that day's hunt but when Joe finally recovered my first arrow, nothing would do but that we must find more pigs so he could see how it was done. We found more, and Joe saw.

▲ Late that day, with all our arrows gone and a wounded hog, we saw Joe do his stuff with forty feet of thin rawhide rope and a knife.

And believe me, anyone can shoot a bow, but what Joe and his horse did, with rope and knife, would take a darn sight better story teller than I am to do it justice.



If you are interested in getting started in archery, SAGEBRUSH & SPRAY will be glad to give you information on where to secure your equipment . . . or if you wish to make your own bow, where to purchase proper materials at the right prices.

If you live in Santa Barbara call Mr. J. Wylie Harrison, phone number 26457. Mr. Harrison will tell you where to go for an opportunity to practice, and he can make arrangements for you to meet with a group of archers who are ready to assist the beginner.